

COMMERCIAL ADVERTISER

WALTER G. SMITH

EDITOR.

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THE LATE PREMIER SEDDON.

"When the colonial premiers visited England in honor of Queen Victoria's diamond jubilee," a newspaper sketch of three years ago said, "and later in honor of King Edward's coronation, none of them, with the possible exception of Sir Wilfrid Laurier, made such a deep and favorable impression on English statesmen and English people as Richard J. Seddon, the uncrowned king of New Zealand."

The Right Hon. Richard John Seddon, Privy Councillor, M. H. R., LL. D., filled the positions of Premier, Colonial Treasurer, Minister of Labor, Minister of Defense, Minister of Education and Minister for Immigration in New Zealand. At his death he was 61 years of age, having been born in Ecclestone, Lancashire, in 1845. He emigrated to Melbourne in 1863, but removed to New Zealand, whose parliament he entered in 1879, having risen from the road board and then the county council.

He was a mechanical engineer, an associate member of the American Institute of Mining Engineers, an honorary life member of the Geographical Society of California, an honorary Doctor of Laws of Cambridge and Edinburgh universities. Three years ago petitions from native communities in New Zealand were received by King Edward asking him to appoint Premier Seddon Governor of New Zealand at the expiration of the then governor's term.

Soon after Seddon's entrance to Parliament he became recognized as one of the strongest men of the radical party. When Premier Ballance, an able leader of that party, died in 1893, everybody said there was nobody who could succeed him and hold the party as he had done. But Seddon stepped into the vacant place and soon led the radicals to such triumphs as they had never dreamed of under Ballance. While holding several executive offices at once his salary was but \$5000.

Seddon's policy from the start was to tax the big landowners and capitalists out of existence by the graduated taxation of land and incomes, and to divide the land in small lots among the people. He was fond of saying: "England can only teach us what to avoid. We must not allow our country to sink into the condition of England." And when his opponents in the House of Representatives said his taxation policy was opposed to English principles he replied:

"I know that. In England half the people who reach the age of sixty-five also reach the poorhouse, and in London one person out of five dies in the workhouse, the hospital or the lunatic asylum. Well may we question the economic and social system of which this is the product! We want to establish our civilization in this new land on a broader basis, in a deeper sympathy for humanity."

One of the newspaper biographies in the American press in 1903 contains the following anecdotal passage:

"In the old days political life was strenuous in New Zealand. Oftentimes, when addressing public meetings or canvassing for votes, he was obliged to

Prove his doctrines orthodox

By apostolic blows and knocks.

"New Zealanders are fond of telling how he descended from the platform at one rowdy meeting, walked through the yelling crowd up to a couple of the ringleaders, seized one with each hand, dragged them from their seats, kicking and fighting, and threw them downstairs, without anybody's help. Then he went back to the platform and calmly finished his speech amid respectful silence."

By the death of Premier Seddon reported in this morning's cablegrams, one of the really great men of Britain's colonial empire is removed. It has been largely through Seddon's work that New Zealand has gained the name of a political experiment station.

At the recent Postal Congress in Rome the British proposition to raise the weight of letters to one ounce was adopted. For a long time past the single rate weight of letters in the United States domestic postage tariff, wherein Canada and Mexico enjoy reciprocity, has been one ounce. Thus, while a letter weighing one ounce can be sent to any part of North America and the insular possessions for two cents, it costs five cents to send a letter weighing half an ounce to any other country in the Postal Union. At the same session as the Congress did the act just mentioned, it reduced the postage on heavy letters to fifteen cents each ounce after the first charge. In the United States postal schedules fifteen grams is given as the equivalent of one-half ounce, though the actual equivalent of an ounce avoirdupois is 28.3495 grams metric system. As the countries participating in the Postal Congress are members of the International Postal Union, it is hard to see where the reduction comes in. Postal Union rates would give ten cents as the postage for one ounce. Perhaps there is an error in the telegram as printed in a mainland paper, from which the foregoing information is derived, or it may be that the reduction relates to payment of overweight letter postage by the recipient. There must have been a reduction at all events, though on the face of the news the postage is made higher than Postal Union rates.

That the mortality of males should have been more than double that of females in Honolulu for last month is, prima facie, startling. Yet it becomes less so when the preponderance of males over females in the population is considered. For the entire Territory, at last census, the excess of males over females was that of two to one with more than eleven thousand to spare. Still, the proportion of males in Honolulu is not so large as upon the plantations, so that the mortality figures of the capital for May are still, in the respect noted, a matter that might repay study by our social scientists.

The late Supervisor Hualani was a man whom the country, and especially the native Hawaiians, can badly afford to have lost. If the lesson of his life be taken practically to heart by his fellow-countrymen, though dead he will continue long to be a beneficent monitor to his race. Industry, integrity, intelligence, these three form the tripod upon which the fine reputation he leaves was founded.

WOUNDED LION'S FIGHT.

A Night's Shooting Along the Uganda Railway in Africa.

Simba in the native language of East Africa means lion, and last August when Capt. Chauncy Hugh Stegand of the First King's African Rifles was traveling on duty by the Uganda Railway he stopped over night at Simba station. Near there 100 laborers had been killed by lions during the building of the railway.

About 300 yards from the station is a tank, supported by pillars, for feeding the railway engines. Below this tank was a pool formed by drippings from the tank, and the lions came at night to drink water there.

Being a keen sportsman after big game Capt. Stegand, with his orderly, a native, made a platform between the legs of the tank about eight feet from the ground.

Capt. Stegand took his station on the platform, says the London Daily Graphic, and the people of the station soon after went to bed, and the captain was alone on the lookout. Nothing occurred up to 10 o'clock except the usual growling of jackals crossing and recrossing the scene in the moonlight. Then the watcher heard a beast coming behind him, which proved to be a

lion. He came up, paused under the platform, and the captain heard the lapping of water beneath him. He moved to get a sight of her and made a noise in turning.

The lioness made a side jump of about five yards and smelled the ground and listened. She thus exposed her side and the captain fired two shots. The first shot hit her in the neck, the second in the heart. She gathered herself up like a horse about to buck—as all beasts do when touched in the heart—and then bolted blindly toward the rail, ran on it for about ten yards and fell between the rails.

Knowing from experience that there is always a lion where there is a lioness, the Captain waited on the platform. A jackal, which had smelled the blood of the lioness, ran up and down the track of it. Then the Captain heard the noise of two lions crashing through the high grass at a different point from where the lioness emerged.

One came out first and went up to the dead lioness and smelled the body and scratched it. In a minute or two the other lion came out of the grass. Both together scratched the body when they realized that she was dead, and both lay down for some time by the body and

then got up and roared, then lay down again and again rose and roared, evidently performing a kind of funeral service with dirge accompaniment over the deceased lioness. Their roaring might have been heard a mile off and sounded very grand in the silence of midnight.

As the clouds occasionally gathered over the moon Capt. Stegand could not see the animals clear enough to shoot from the platform under the tank, so he waited for them to come toward him, as he expected them to come and drink out of the pool. They continued alternately lying down and getting up and roaring for two hours, a jackal amusing himself by running up and down the track of the blood of the dead lioness all the time.

At last the two lions came toward the tank, moving slowly, and indistinctly at first from the varying light of the moon. They came on, one behind the other. The first lion held its head down. The Captain fired at him and struck his jaw, and the bullet glanced off his shoulder. He tumbled over on his head. The Captain fired a second shot and hit him just behind the heart. The beast spun round like a teetotum, then rushed into the tall grass out of sight. The second lion stood watching in a sort of maze, then followed his companion slowly into the bush, exposing his right side, and the captain shot him through the heart, as he knew from his gathering himself up in the usual way and then bolting blindly till he fell.

The Captain, after waiting awhile, was joined by his orderly and others from the station. Approaching the tall grass to finish the wounded beast he was suddenly attacked.

He shot the lion in the air, but the beast bore him to the ground, lacerating his left shoulder with his paw and sinking his teeth in the Captain's left arm. The Captain's orderly yelled loudly, but made no attempt to use the rifle he carried. The shouting seemed to vex the lion and he let go his hold on Capt. Stegand and slunk away into the grass. At daylight the orderly crept up to have a shot at the king of beasts and was charged and knocked over, but the lion was too weak to worry him. Then a train came along and passengers and train hands fired seventeen shots into the animal before his stout heart ceased to beat.

VOLCANO HOUSE SEASON OPENS

VOLCANO HOUSE, June 7.—Our summer season opened rather auspiciously last Sunday. As the Hawaii Herald says, it was a gala day at the Volcano. In addition to the usual number of guests four automobiles with their capacity for passengers filled made the trip and a most enjoyable day was spent there.

The four machines were of different dates and lined up in front of the Volcano House they made an exceedingly pretty sight. George Lycurgus secured some excellent photos of the parade. First in the line was A. James with his White steamer of 1901, in which he has made at least twenty trips to Kilauea.

He had with him Mrs. James, Captain Gove and Mrs. Gove. Next was C. C. Kennedy in his 1905 White steamer. He had with him Mrs. Kennedy, Charles Furneaux, Mrs. Furneaux and Bruce Kennedy. John Watt with his family and Miss Squire were third in line in his fine 1906 White steamer, and Ronald Kennedy, with Mrs. Kennedy, were last with their new 1906 Winton. The weather at Kilauea has been excellent lately, the coolness of the evenings being especially enjoyable.

From June 1 to 7 inclusive the following guests registered at the Volcano House:

Wm. Chalmers, Waiakae; Rev. Chas. W. Hill, C. C. Kennedy, Mrs. C. C. Kennedy, Bruce C. Kennedy, Chas. Furneaux, Mrs. Chas. Furneaux, M. A. James, Mrs. M. A. James, R. C. Kennedy, Mrs. R. C. Kennedy, Wm. McKay, Wm. McKay Jr., Mrs. Wm. McKay, Jr., Hilo; Miss Ursula W. Davis, Mrs. A. M. Pine, Naalehu; John Watt, Mrs. John Watt, John Murker Watt, Ronald George Watt, Margaret Kathleen Watt, Miss A. B. Squire, Olau; Capt. G. W. Gove, schooner Marston, and Mrs. G. W. Gove; Miss Alice Brooks, Honolulu; F. A. Hartman, Mrs. F. A. Hartman, Mrs. L. Spencer, Miss E. J. Swan, San Francisco; Ed. Williams, Mrs. Ed. Williams, San Jose, Cal.; F. B. Whitin, Whittinsville, Mass.; C. W. Chilmann, Mrs. C. W. Chilmann, Wellington, N. Z.; Dr. E. H. Schutz, Bremen; Joseph Phelps, Mrs. Joseph Phelps, Miss Sylvia Phelps, London; J. K. Makino, Honuapo.

LEWIS WAS CHARGED WITH BEING A VAG

The Washington Star of May 25 has the following account of the arrest of Robert P. Lewis, the Hawaiian who is alleged to have made threats against the President:

Robert P. Lewis, the Hawaiian who was recently arrested in this city upon a charge of vagrancy and subsequently released, was rearrested this afternoon by Detectives Peck and Grant upon suspicion that his mind is affected. It is alleged he made statements indicating he has a desire to kill the President.

When asked if he had any such intention he replied: "I do not intend to draw blood."

The prisoner, who is about thirty years of age, was turned over to Sanitary Officer Sroufe, and the latter directed the police surgeons to examine him and report upon his mental condition. The examination will be made this afternoon. When placed under arrest and taken to police headquarters the prisoner had an English walnut in his pocket and there was a small metal flag fastened to a pin sticking in it. Upon the walnut Lewis had written: "Ready to put the steel in the head of the President."

Several times he said he did not intend to draw blood, but did not deny

that he used alleged threatening language concerning the President. At the time of his arrest at the Center Market, it is alleged, Lewis was picking up decayed vegetables. Judge Mulowny heard the case and held him because he thought there was possibly something the matter with his brain. He was released the first part of this week, and he complained because he was not longer held in custody. It is said that he came here for the purpose of procuring a patent for a check-stamping device and that he has received remittances from San Joaquin, Cal. Agent Massie of the Prisoners' Aid Society became interested in the Hawaiian, and it was due to him that he procured his release so soon. It is expected that the police surgeons will report the result of their investigation tonight.

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